

AP
101
P96

VOL. LXI. No. 1566.

PUCK BUILDING, New York, March 6th, 1907.

ALUMNI ASSOCIATION

PRICE TEN CENTS.

PROPERTY.

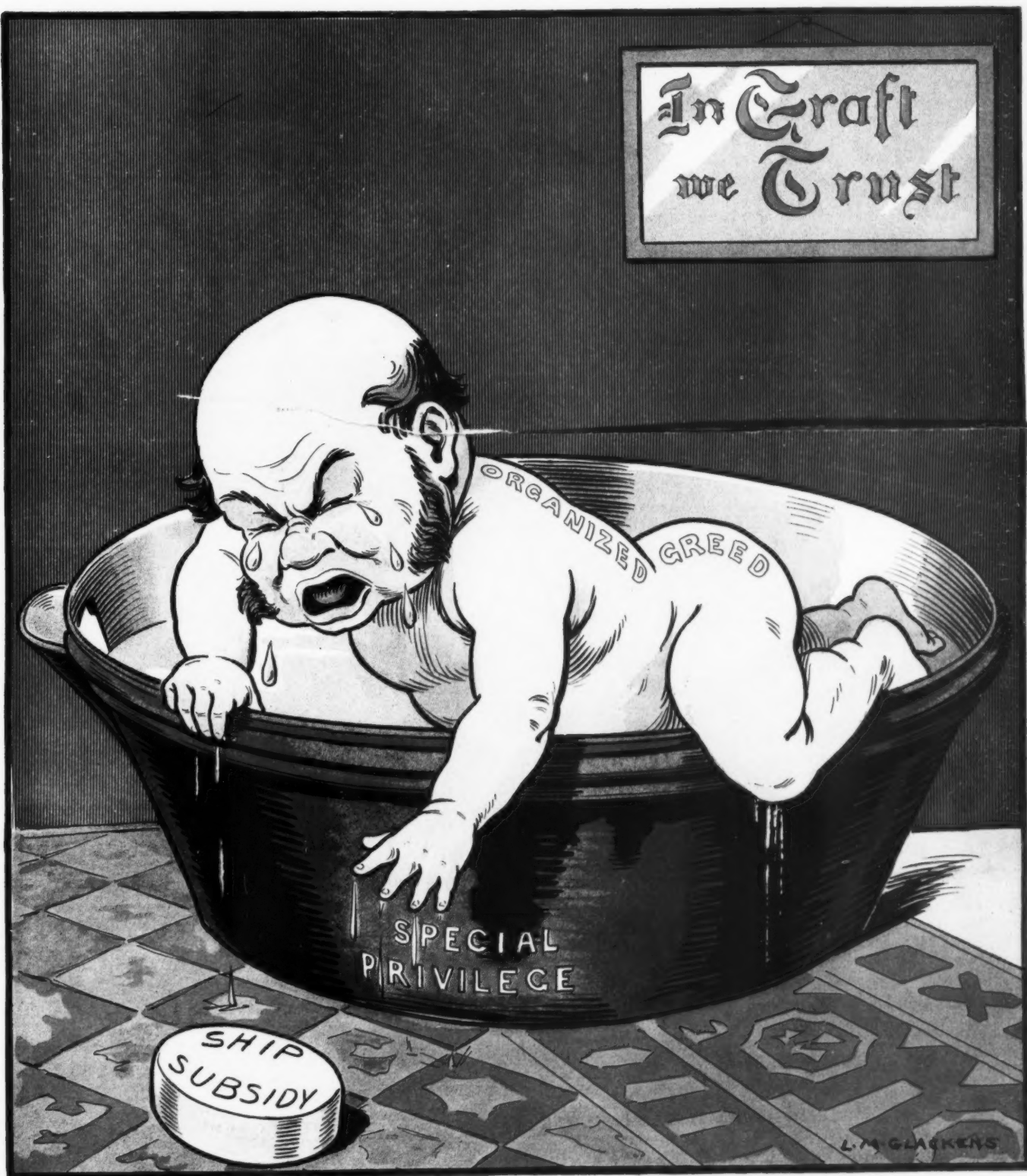
DO NOT TAKE FROM ALUMNI ROOM.

"What fools these mortals be!"

Puck

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Entered at N. Y. P. O. as Second-class Mail Matter.



HE WON'T BE HAPPY TILL HE GETS IT.

(With profuse apologies to the Pears' Soap Baby.)



KEPLER & SCHWARTZMANN
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PUCK
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A. H. FOLWELL, Editor

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Payable in advance

.. What Fools These Mortals Be !"

MR. HARRIMAN does not regard his operations as speculation. Neither do we. Speculation involves the idea of risk. Mr. Harriman plays cinches.

"I BELIEVE the great mass of business men would rather do business on the level than in any other way."—Governor Hughes.

Particularly those who fought the enactment of the Pure Food laws.

A PORTRAIT of Washington in the American embassy at Paris has been replaced by a portrait of Ambassador McCormick. That's going some, even in this age of substitution.

WHEN ONE reads of the brazen way in which special privileges were obtained from Congress in the early days of the protective tariff one is amazed and angered. And yet the ship subsidy dodge is as shameless and impudent as any of them.

PRESIDENT TRUESDALE of the Lackawanna deplores the public hostility to railroads. As the railroads provide the provocation it is difficult to blame the public for feeling hostile.

A NUMBER of clergymen made unholy exhibitions of themselves preaching about the Thaw trial. Yet some people wonder why church attendance falls off. There are more profitable ways of passing Sunday than listening to a donkey bray.

IT is not evidence that Jack Chanler is insane, that he had a scheme to beat Monte Carlo. There isn't room in the asylums for the people who think they can beat the bark.

THE *Sun* reports that Mrs. Bryce remarked to her husband, the ambassador, "You are quite through now, aren't you?" Never. She may have asked if he were quite finished, but "through" never.



ARRIVAL OF THE REV. MR. AKED, THE NEW ROCKEFELLER PASTOR.

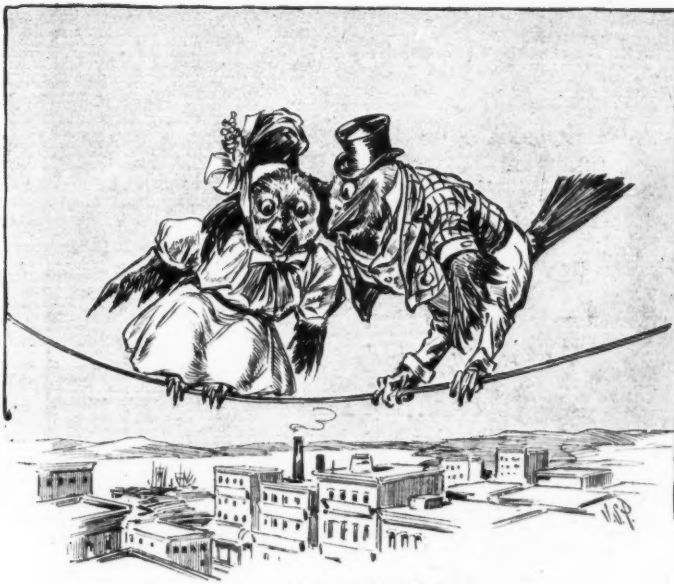
Singing the Oilmeter Sockdology.

Praise Oil from which all blessings flow!
Praise Oil, ye grafters here below!

Praise it, all ye Standard codgers!
Praise Father, Son and H. H. Rogers!

(From a sketch to be made at the dock by L. M. Glackens.)

PUCK



AIRY PRIVACY.

BIRDIE.—Don't, Dickie! Stop this instant! That's no way to act in public!

DICKIE.—In public? Why, my dear, don't you know that this is a private wire?

FIRST AID TO MAY-BE WRITERS.

IF you are tempted to become the Great American Writer, the attack being so bad that black pin-heads appear, you have pains in the back and are subject to frequent dizzy spells. Observe rigorously these rules:

LESSON I.

Borrow 32 cents worth of unused stamps.

Put down as many words as are necessary to relieve the congestion.

When you have devised, prepared, secured, concocted or framed up some sentence, paragraph, clause, phrase, expression or word-picture that fills your artistic soul with joy unspeakable; that causes spasms of ecstatic happiness to wiggle up and down your spinal cord—

Rapidly conceal said chef-d'oeuvre beneath a broad band of impenetrable, irremovable, Erebus-black tar. Someone may see it.

LESSON II.

When the MSS is completed carefully erase each alternate word.

LESSON III.

Erase all the remaining words.

LESSON IV.

Sell the stamps.

ANOTHER WANT.

MC GEE (*with paper*).—That Sinitor Tillman's a fighter an' no mistake!

CONLEY.—He's nawthin' else, bedad! 'Tis a wonder to me he don't interdooce a bill to have th' flure av th' sinit chamber padded.

THE "PROMINENT FARMER" SPEAKS.

NOW, I am the "prominent farmer;"
You meet me each day in the news
I'm less of a clod than alarmer,
More murder than crops I produce.
I sow the fat seeds of sensation
That tickle the newspaper ear;
And I live in that bourne of elation,
The vague valley known as "near here."

This bigly bediamonded damsel
Is my friend, the "society queen;"
The price at which champagne or clams
sell
Affects not her meaningless mien.
But the price of her sins has attraction
For "our readers," who know she doth
dwell
In that widely inclusive abstraction
Which is called an "exclusive hotel."

And here is the famed "big policeman;"
You've known him—by name—oh, for years.
He's less of a real keep-the-peace-man
Than a nurse for stray babies-in-tears.
As hero, he's now a past-master;
His prowess is thrillingly shown
In that weekly-recurring disaster—
"The-worst-blaze-this-city-has-known."

Behold us! There's "pirate of Wall Street,"
Beside the "poor laboring man,"

The "peerless young leader," whose squawls treat
"The boss" as a thief—when he can;
Those shop-girls eternally "pretty;"

Those "wee little" children,
"aged two!"

Behold us! But guess not (for pity!)
What *Hell* dead reporters go to

Chester Firkins.

WASHINGTON NEWS.

(*Special to Puck.*)

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.—A bill to establish a correspondence school, to be located in the state of Massachusetts, for the purpose of instructing the native and other inhabitants of our island dependencies in the art of self-government, and to make such instruction compulsory, was taken from the house calendar and advanced to its second reading.

Mr. Tine of South Carolina called up a resolution which had for its object an immediate inquiry into the causes and extent of the recent seismic disturbances in certain islands lying south and east of the United States, with a view of ascertaining their fitness for colonization purposes. After the adoption of an amendment extending the inquiry to sundry localities west of the Pacific coast, which are supposed to be subject to similar disasters, and defining the class of citizens eligible for deportation to such colonies, the resolution was rejected.

M. C.



"PLAYING CHOO-CHOO."

AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPH BY HENRY LITESTRUCK OF
MONTAUK POINT, L. I.



KEEPING TABS ON THE GIRLS.

ONE OF THE SIX DAUGHTERS (*something after midnight*).—Oh, it's a horrid idea of Papa's! Every morning he looks at the time-slip to see when we got home the night before!

PUCK



IN 1910.

THE BALLOONIST'S LOT IS NOT A HAPPY ONE.

CARD INDEXING NOVELS.



LONG with other modern improvements is the card index system, which has lately been applied to the indexing of novels. By means of this system the simplest reader can find the most interesting passages, or the passages in which he is most interested, without the slightest difficulty. We append a representation of two cards, one indexing the hero of a recent novel, and the other the heroine.

HERO	PERCIVAL VAN DER WETTER
Description of personal appearance	Page 10
Heroine's first opinion of him	" 17
"I love you, Drusilla"	Pages 23, 34, 45, 46, 47, 51, 62 and 103 to 204 inclusive
"She loves me not"	Pages 23, 46
"Stop! She is my affianced wife!"	Page 192

HEROINE	DRUSILLA SMYTHE
Description of personal appearance	Page 8
"Oh, Mr. Van Der Wetter, how you talk!"	Pages 23, 34, 45, 46, 47, 51, 62 and 103 to 204 inclusive
"Yes, I like you a— a little"	Page 187
"He could never love a simple girl like me".	Pages 9 and 10
"Unhand me, villain"	Page 191
"He is my husband"	" 205

THE LAW'S DELAY.

THE MAJOR.—The fair name of our State will be hopelessly stained. Here's an account of another hanging by a sheriff!
THE COLONEL.—Well, what can you expect, suh? The last man wasn't lynched till three days aftah the crime.

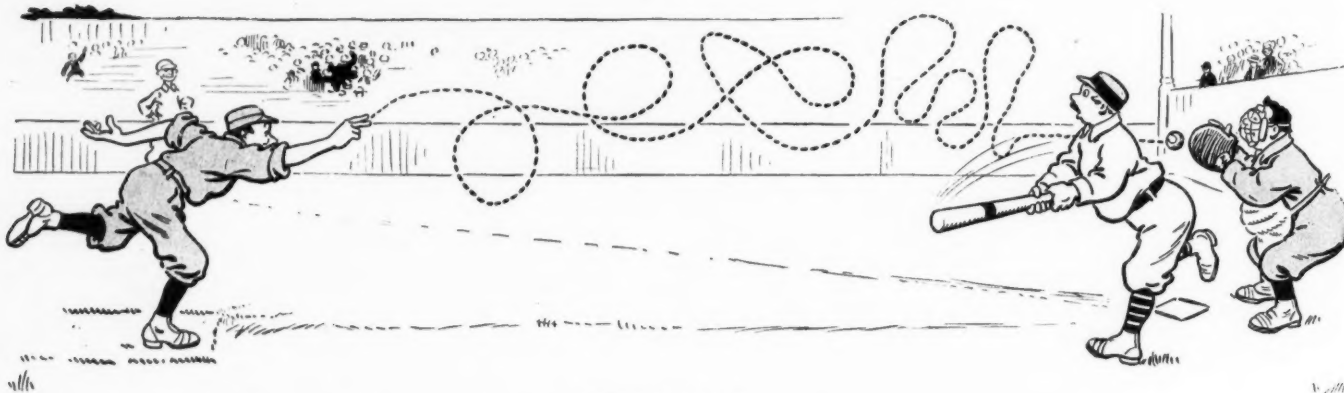
"WHEN OPPORTUNITY arrived at my door," said the Harlem pessimist, "I suppose the electric bell, as usual, was out of order."



VERY.

BOOTHBY GARRICK (*sizing up the house*).—I know it's mere superstition—I'll admit that—but I can't get over the idea that it's unlucky to play to thirteen people.

PUCK



"STR-R-IKE!!"

Pitcher Phoolem's description of how he will put 'em over, when he makes his annual request for advance money.

RELIEVING THE POOR.

"I HEAR you have joined the Stoic Settlement, O Eupraxsillies. Is your Settlement another Society for the Suppression of Vice — among the poor?"

"No, Socrates, we have had such a society ever since the fourth Olympiad, and we have more suppressed vice than ever."

"What, then, do you accomplish, Eupraxsillies?"

"No man knows what the Gods accomplish through him, Socrates, but we try to save the poor from the consequences of error and vice."

"But if you succeed, O Eupraxsillies, will they not commit more errors and vices?"

"Well, perhaps I should rather say, from the evils of poverty. We have a Neighborhood House."

"But who made the House, Eupraxsillies?"

"Why, we indeed paid for it, but necessarily the poor people made it."

"And do they make all the wealth that you spend in relieving their poverty, Eupraxsillies?"

"Certainly, they make it themselves, Socrates, for we do not work. In truth, we do not know how to make such things ourselves."

"Then would it not be better to teach them how to keep for themselves what they make?"

"It would seem so, Socrates, but they are too ignorant, so we give them back a part of what we get."

"You do well to call it a 'Settlement,' although it is more like a Compromise — with Creditors. But, Eupraxsillies, you said that they produce what you do not know how to produce, except that you know how to take what they make. Is it not rather, then, you who are ignorant?"

"Nay, Socrates, they know only how to build houses and such things; they know how to make things, — we know how to get them, but only in accordance with the laws, and we do good with what we take."

"But we make the laws, Eupraxsillies; are we, then, doing any good by relieving the poor of their wealth, and then making them more comfortable, and so more contented with such laws?"

"Well — at least, Socrates, we have improved the neighborhood. Since we made our Settlement, that street has become safe and respectable, O Socrates, and a better class live there."

"Have the rents risen also, Eupraxsillies?"

"It is true that the rents have risen, so that the purchase price of the land next to us has more than doubled."

"Then it seems, Eupraxsillies, that it was not for the Lords of

Heaven you have been working, but for the Lords of earth — not the good Lord but the land lord. Is that of any use?"

"You say truth, Socrates, but it is of use — for I am the land lord; and it is natural that every improvement in the condition of the earth should benefit the owners of the earth."

"Do such improvements benefit also those who, on account of them, pay more for the use of the earth?"

"It certainly seems that the benefit to the one class must be at the expense of the other, Socrates."

"Then it seems to me, O Eupraxsillies, that yours is a Society for Improving Conditions and Increasing the Number of the Poor."

Bolton Hall.

THE ONLY WAY.

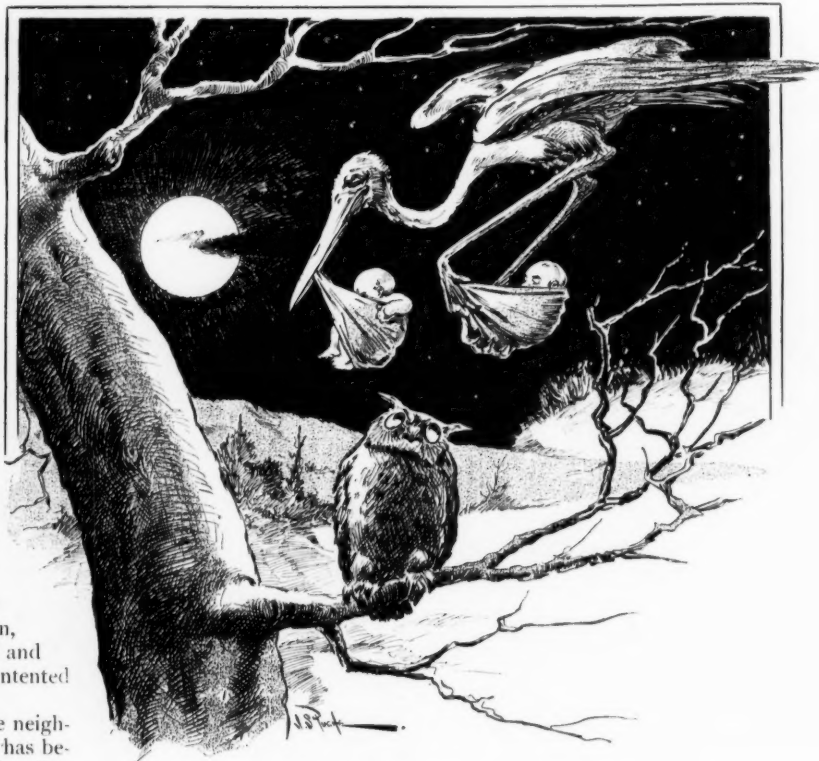
"SCRIBBLEIGH says that his last novel is sure to live."

"Yes, he is naming his children after the principal characters."



FAMILY BIBLE.

FOR USE IN "OUR BEST SOCIETY."



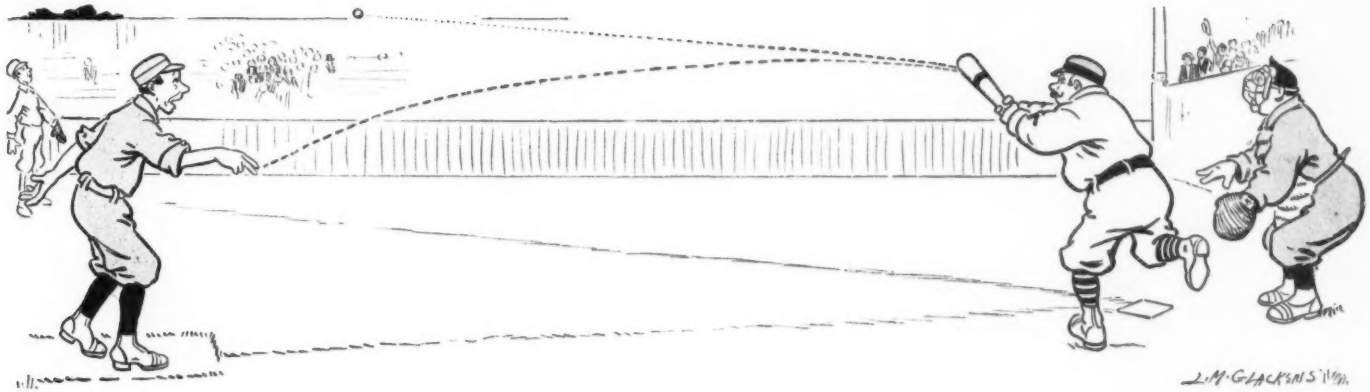
NO CHANCE FOR A KICK.

THE OWL. — Twins, eh? Ain't you afraid they'll displease your patrons?

THE STORK. — Certainly not. Cupid says he often hears 'em telling each other that two can live as cheaply as one.

These are the times that try men's pocketbooks.

PUCK



CRACK-K-K-K!!

How Pitcher Phoolen will put 'em over when the season actually opens.

THE LATEST.

THE GREAT NATURALIST.—Here is a specimen of something that I was sure would sooner or later be evolved.

THE REPORTER (*examining it*).—What is the creature—a new kind of a horse-fly?

THE GREAT NATURALIST.—No, sir; it is a "honkolocust" or "auto-fly."

IN THESE PECKSNIFFIAN DAYS.

THE applicant for a job in the bank stood confidently before the president.

"You do not smoke?" queried the latter, pleasantly.

"No, sir," was the prompt reply.

"Nor chew?"

"No, sir. I consider the use of tobacco a filthy habit, sir."

"You never drink? In fact, you don't know what liquor tastes like?"

"No, sir."

"You don't gamble or play cards?"

"Never, sir."

"Or bet on horse races?"

"No, sir."

"You teach a class in the Umph Street Sunday-school?"

"Yes, sir."

"And frequently are called upon to open meetings with prayer?"

"Quite true, sir."

"In short, you have no bad habits and are pointed out, generally, as a model man?"

"Well, sir, of course it is not for me to say, sir, but—"

"I understand. You may be all right, sure enough, but your past record is against you. Banks, in these days, have to be unusually careful in selecting their employees. Good-day, sir!"



ART VALUES.

MR. JOSHBY (*in front of fake art store*).—Gee-whizz! Twenty-four dollars and fifty cents for that there picture an' it's marked down from one hundred an' twenty-five dollars at that! I wonder what makes it so dear?

MRS. JOSHBY.—Why, don't yew see that there other sign on it that sez "Hand-painted?"

MR. JOSHBY.—That's what puzzles me;—I could easy understand them askin' that much fer it if it wuz painted by some Armless Wonder!

TIRED.

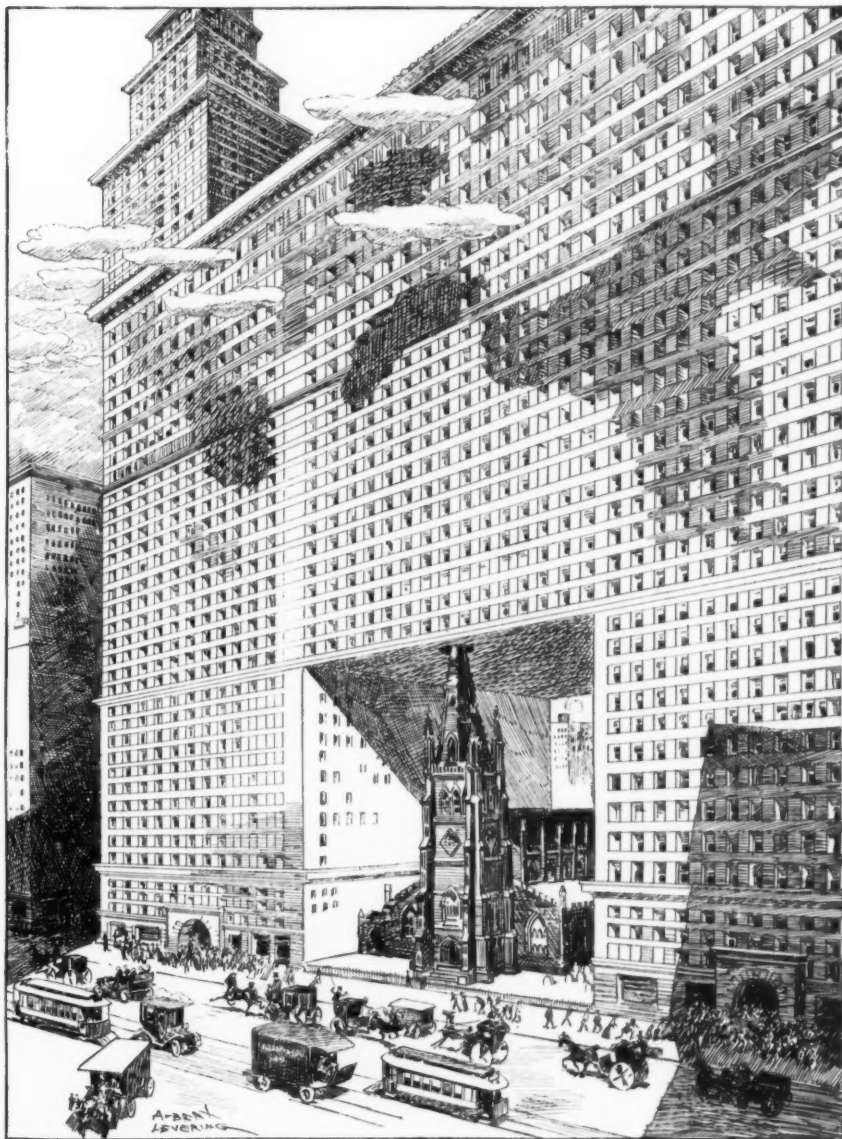
BORLEIGH (*at 11:45*).—Ah, Miss Critic, you have such a sweet, retiring disposition.

MISS CRITIC (*yawning*).—You flatter me, Mr. Boreleigh; but I must confess to a slight disposition to retire.

EASIER THEN.

KICKER.—Caesar said his wife should be above suspicion.

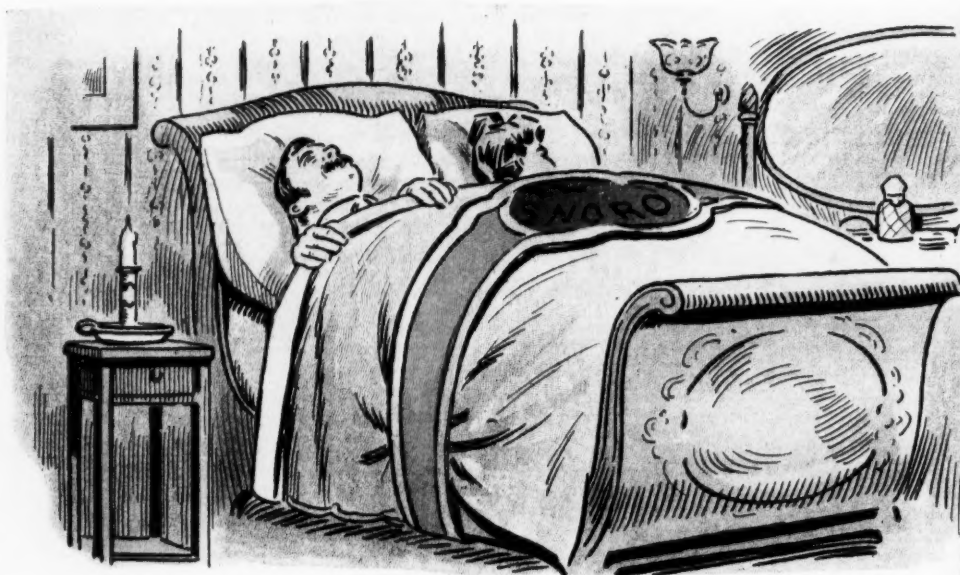
MRS. KICKER.—But Julius didn't have a stenographer!



THE FUTURE OF TRINITY CHURCH.



Born With a Belly Band.



Oft, in the stilly night,
When slumber's band hath bound me—



"Papa, will you save me the band?"



The Holy Ba



The Holy Bands of Matrimony.

R BAND FIEND.

WHO SMOKES 'EM WITH THE BELTS ON.



The Band Family.



Looking at the Family Band Album.



The Band Wagon

TELL ME, dear reader, are you one
Of those that think that it is fun
To buy a little stack of chips,
Put a cigar between your lips,
And play and play and play and play
Until the night has merged to day —
To wake until Aurora's blush
In vain attempts to fill a flush —
To chip away your precious hoard
At something you can not afford?
And can you find true pleasure in
That drawing, drawing *ad infinitum*?
Is there enjoyment to be found
In quitting with "another round"?
All this and worse — Oh, are you one
That thinks such foolishness is fun —
To fool away th' entire night?
You are? Dear reader, you are right.
Franklin P. Adams.

Franklin P. Adams.

MR. AND MRS. Endicott Etheridge have been made happy by the arrival of an eight pound bull-pup. The youngster may be said to have been born with a gold spoon in his mouth. He may be seen driving with the Etheridges upon any day fair enough to justify taking him out.

Mr. and Mrs. Miles Standish Saltonswell are receiving the congratulations of all their friends upon a charming Boston terrier. Scion of a race of whom Boston is so proud the infant begins life under happy auspices. A name has not yet been decided upon and society is wondering which one of his ancestors will have his appellation repeated in this last, but not least important descendant.

[And here we have proof, or at least evidence in the claim made that the Celt is more prolific in Boston than the native stock. The last census tells a melancholy story of the decline of Irish fecundity and puts the Irish at the bottom of the list, taken for the whole

country. But in Boston, the blight of the native is not quite yet upon him as witness.]

Alderman Jeremiah O'Dowd of South Boston is rejoicing over the birth of six Irish terriers.

They come of the best Galway stock and were born with their eyes open, as all Galwegians should be. The alderman's has had his own eyes peeled these many years. A more frolicsome and happy lot of little ones it would be hard to find and the Alderman is kept busy "setting 'em up" to the host of friends who are glad to know that the old Galway breed is not being pushed out of Boston by recent importations.

EDUCATION.

"So JOHNNY is almost in high school?"

"Yes; he's had splendid marks in whittling and bead-work and baking-powder biscuits. If he were only a little more careful in sewing squares I shouldn't be a bit afraid about his passing."

RIGHT AT THE START.

LORD OVAHOLM.—You're a blarsted cad, fellah!

AMERICAN CUSTOMS OFFICER. — My word! What deuced, bloomin' gratitude! And right now you getting all the material for your book on our manners and customs!



Refreshing originality of
 flavor—an individual quality as delicious
 as it is distinctive—is characteristic of

MURAD CIGARETTES

Skillful blending of the finest Turkish leaf has given the
 Murad a superiority so pronounced that it is acknowledged by
 the most critical smokers to be the greatest and best of Turkish
 cigarettes.

“THE METROPOLITAN STANDARD”

10 for 15 cents

S. ANARGYROS, Manufacturer

111 Fifth Avenue, New York

A
GRAND
FINALE
TO A
CHAPTER
OF
COURSES



A
GRAND
FINALE
TO A
CHAPTER
OF
COURSES

LIQUEUR Pères Chartreux

—GREEN AND YELLOW—

This famous cordial, now made at Tarragona, Spain, was for centuries distilled by the Carthusian Monks (Pères Chartreux) at the Monastery of La Grande Chartreuse, France, and known throughout the world as Chartreuse. The above cut represents the bottle and label employed in the putting up of the article since the Monks' expulsion from France, and it is now known as Liqueur Pères Chartreux (the Monks, however, still retain the right to use the old bottle and label as well), distilled by the same order of Monks, who have securely guarded the secret of its manufacture for hundreds of years, and who alone possess a knowledge of the elements of this delicious nectar.

At first-class Wine Merchants, Grocers, Hotels, Cafés,
Bätjer & Co., 45 Broadway, New York, N. Y.,
Sole Agents for United States.

Wilson -

For guarantee of purity,
see back label on every bottle;

That's All!

ABSENT-MINDED.

"Your wife has fallen down stairs and is seriously hurt," screamed an excited neighbor over the telephone.

"What's her address?" asked the absent-minded editor. "I'll send a reporter up to see if he can get her picture."—*Detroit Free Press*.

AN OBSTACLE.

MRS. WATKINS.—If you are unhappy with your husband, why don't you separate?

MRS. WYLYNS.—Because his plan of dividing assets isn't fair. He wants to take all the bonds and real estate, and give me all the children.—*Somerville Journal*.

TWO MASTERS.

CLERK.—Sir, I have come to inform you that I am going to be married.

EMPLOYER.—Young man, have you never heard the old saying: "No man can serve two masters?"—*Detroit Free Press*.

TRY to be content with your lot even if it isn't a corner lot.—*Chicago Daily News*.

WHEN a boy is little, he sneers at the little girl because she is afraid of the dark. When he grows up, he's afraid of the girl.—*Somerville Journal*.

SATAN is willing to let men go to church on Sunday if they work for him the remainder of the week.—*Chicago Daily News*.

THE average woman doesn't care how gray her hair may be getting, as long as she feels convinced that it is becoming.—*Somerville Journal*.

WHERE TO FIND LOBSTERS.

"Pop!"

"Yes, my son."

"Did you ever see a mermaid?"

"No, I did not, my boy, but I believe they do exist."

"Where are they found, pop?"

"Oh, where the lobsters are, I suppose, son.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

SOME men are like some horses; they will stand without hitching, but tie them to a post and they will proceed to kick over the traces.—*Chicago Daily News*.

TRADE MARK

LUCKY STRIKE

RICH'DVA.

Does not Bite the Tongue

Few tobaccos suit all tastes. The one that can, most justly, lay claim to that distinction—being an exquisite blend of choice flavors, is the famous

LUCKY STRIKE

Sliced Plug Pipe Tobacco

Cured by a secret process—it does not bite the tongue. Burns well, gives a long, cool, sweet smoke, without waste. Pocket size, tin box, 10c.

You Will Find it Everywhere

Buy a Box Today

BUNNER'S SHORT STORIES

SHORT SIXES.

Stories to be Read while the Candle Burns. Illustrated.

THE RUNAWAY BROWNS.

A Story of Small Stories. Illustrated.

MADE IN FRANCE.

French Tales Retold with a United States Twist. Illustrated.

MORE SHORT SIXES.

Illustrated.

THE SUBURBAN SAGE.

Stray Notes and Comments on His Simple Life. Illustrated.

Five Volumes, in Paper, \$2.50
" " Cloth, 5.00
or separately } Per Volume, in Paper, \$0.50
as follows: } " " Cloth, 1.00

For sale by all Booksellers, or from the Publishers on receipt of price.
Address PUCK, New York.



ARMED.

MR. JACKSON.—No use actin' like yo' had a lease on dat tree, Mistah Coon. Ah's got a disposes warrant right hyah in dis gun.

If you need a bracer in the morning try a glass of soda and a little of Abbott's Bitters. You'll be surprised how it will brighten you up.



"The New York Central Lines Lead the World."—*Leslie's Weekly*.

AMBIGUOUS.

"Yes," said the would-be author, "the editor sent my manuscript back, but he enclosed a nice note saying the rejection of the manuscript 'did not necessarily imply lack of literary merit.'"

"Oh! I guess he didn't read it, then," said his friend.—*Cath. Standard and Times*.

WILL ASK A FAVOR OF HIM.

"I met Kid Swatem, the prize-fighter, last night after the show."

"You did?"

"Yes, and to-night I'm going to ask him to let me be his fiancée long enough to become a star."—*Denver Post*.

Now is a good time to go out into the stable and look at the lawn-mower and think how glad you are that you don't have to cut the grass twice a week in winter. Then it is proper to go and fix the furnace and shovel off the walks.—*Somerville Journal*.

HARRIMAN wants a railroad monopoly, but not an exclusive right to investigations. Therefore he puts some senatorial friends of his on Jim Hill's track.—*Chicago Daily News*.

A WOMAN writer made \$100 by a new recipe for mock turtle soup. And still they say there is money in "literature!"—*Atlanta Constitution*.

"When you do drink, drink Trimble"

"Here's to Woman! the conundrum of the age—we can't guess her, but we'll never give her up."

Trimble
Whiskey
Green Label.

SOLE PROPRIETORS
WHITE, HENTZ & CO.
Phila. and New York

AT ALL FIRST-CLASS DEALERS

ESTABLISHED
1793



OLD AND NEW.

"What changed her into a new woman? She hasn't been one long."

"No; it was the knowledge that she was getting old."

Nothing will quicker revolutionize the system and put new life into it, than Abbott's Bitters. All druggists and grocers.



Williams' Shaving Soap

The skill and experience of nearly three-quarters of a century are back of the rich, creamlike, emollient lather of Williams' Shaving Soaps.

That's a pretty valuable consideration in any article that plays so important a part in your daily comfort and the healthful condition of your face.

Williams' Shaving Sticks and Shaving Cakes sold everywhere. Send 4 cents in stamps for a Williams' Shaving Stick or a cake of Luxury Shaving Soap, trial size. Enough for 50 shaves.

Address THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY
Department A, Glastonbury, Conn.

"THE ONLY KIND THAT WON'T SMART OR DRY ON THE FACE"

AS ITS PAPA EATS.

"Oh, yes, Nuritch's baby was born with a silver spoon in its mouth, of course."

"It's a curious-looking child; takes after its father, doesn't it?"

"No, indeed; if it took after its father it would have been born with a silver knife in its mouth."—*Catholic Standard and Times*.

A SOLAR WRINKLE.

There was a spot on the sun in full view.

"I can't help it," said the orb of day impatiently to the observing scientist: "here I am stuck up where everybody can see me and now I've got freckles measuring 3,500,000 square miles. If you've any complexion remedy for that trot it out."—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

NOT IDLE.

"I'm afraid you're an idle fellow, Sam?"

"No, sah; I's not idle, sah! Why I gits my wife more work dan she can do, sah!"—*Yonkers Statesman*.

BEYOND THE DREAMS, ET CETERA.

LAWSON.—Is he rich?

DAWSON.—Fabulously. Why, he stayed three days once at a Florida hotel.—*Somerville Journal*.

WHEN a \$50 dog has killed the wife of the owner it would seem proper to regard the beast as having depreciated in value.—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

How Luxury Relieves Fatigue

When travelling long distances nothing is more essential to comfort than exquisite decorations—elegant woodwork and pleasing color effects in tapestries. All such detail, electric lights, periodicals, papers and the latest books make the trip to California via

The Overland Limited

a rare pleasure instead of a tiresome journey. The

**Union Pacific—
Southern Pacific**

is full of wonders. Inquire of

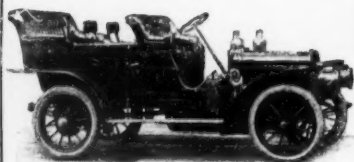
E. L. LOMAX, G. P. A.,
Omaha, Neb.

"WE may live without poetry,
music and art;
We may live without conscience,
and live without heart;
We may live without
friends;
We may live without
books;

BUT civilized man
cannot live without

COOK'S
Imperial
EXTRA DRY
Champagne

**When You Buy a Car
Buy One That Has a
Proven Record: Buy a
Cleveland**



Type "H," 30-35 H. P., 7-Passenger
Touring Car, \$4,000.

BECAUSE the 1906 Type "F" proved in every
instance that for economy of operation, for
actual miles traveled and for low cost of main-
tenance and repairs—it stood alone.

BECAUSE the 1907 Type "H" is in all important
essentials an exact counterpart of the 1906 type
"F"—but refined, bettered and brought to the
highest notch of efficiency, and standing-up
qualities.

BECAUSE it has never failed to make good in
the past—and won't fail you in the future. The
engineering and manufacturing organization
responsible for the Cleveland makes this a
certainty.

BECAUSE you won't have ignition troubles—
Our low tension make and break ignition with
imported Simms-Bosch Magneto eliminates
them absolutely.

BECAUSE the Cleveland is absolutely noiseless
—powerful on long hard hills, and through sand
and mud—speedy—luxurious—and brings down
the cost of gasoline and tires.

Have You Seen the Cleveland Speed Car?

Let our nearest representative show you the
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tains Walter Hale's fascinating illustrated article
describing his recent motoring trip from Gibraltar
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Every 1907 Cleveland will have on
the front of the radiator the new Cleve-
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On the road—look for the Cleveland
Cross and you will know that "The
Car Without a Weak Spot" is passing.

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N. W.
PITTSBURGH, Colonial Automobile Co., 2618-20 Walnut
St.
NEW ORLEANS, Crescent City Automobile Co., 217 S.
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OVER A MILLION AND A HALF IVER JOHNSON SAFETY AUTOMATIC REVOLVERS

have been sold, and we have never learned of a single accidental dis-
charge—our claims have made good.
Do you, who are about to buy a revolver, realize what these remarkable
facts mean to you?

This tremendous sale of 1,500,000 Iver Johnson Safety Automatic Revol-
vers means that the Iver Johnson **must excel** in all these points of revolver
excellence that appeal to revolver users.

The great record of "never an accidental discharge" means
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ing details of construction.

Iver Johnson Safety Hammer Revolver
3-inch barrel, nickel-plated finish, 22 rim-fire
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WILLIE AND PAPA.

WILLIE.—Papa, if I am a liar, will I go to the bad place?

TWICKENHAM.—Certainly. Why?

WILLIE.—I was thinking how far away you and I would be from mother.
—*Woman's Home Companion.*

MILLIONAIRES may soon quit giving to charity—it costs so much for 'em
to explain how and where they got the money!—*Atlanta Constitution.*



HANDICAPPED.

"You're going to the dog-doctor? Why, I thought you gave
Sausage some medicine."

"I did, but he doesn't seem any better."

"Oh, give him time! Think how far away his mouth is from
his stomach."

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER.
"Its Purity Has Made It Famous."
Invaluable in the Home and Office.

ICV.

SHE.—I saw you in the street car the other evening, Mr. Saxby.

HE.—Did you? Why, I didn't see you.

SHE.—I suppose not. I was standing up.—*Somerville Journal.*

THOSE SUNSPOTS.

"Billville is not paying much attention to spots on the sun. Spot
cotton and spot cash," says *The Banner*, "are the most interesting things in this
community."—*Atlanta Constitution.*

THE PRACTICAL POLITICIAN.

"If we had female suffrage you'd never hear of a woman trading her vote
for a drink of whiskey or a poor cigar."

"No, but if the women could vote and I were a candidate, I'd offer a ten-
cent box of candy, with every ballot that was cast for me."—*Chic. Record-Herald.*

BOKER'S BITTERS

Antidyspeptic. A tonic, an appetizer and a delicacy in mixed drinks.

Just Good Ale

That's precisely what
EVANS' ALE actually is—
121 years of successful
brewing briefly told.

SMILE 'EM DOWN.

Of troubles every one alive
Must have his little pile,
But try to keep the lid on them,
The lid, friend, is a smile.

—*Denver Post.*

IN DOUBT.

SHE.—Do you think my voice will
ever be suitable for opera?

HE.—Stage or boxes? —*Yonkers
Statesman.*

ISN'T the American People ever go-
ing to get tired of riding in the street
cars and reading advertising signs that
say: "Take a bath. It's a fine habit?"
—*Somerville Journal.*

Pears'

"Our doubts are traitors
and make us lose the good
we oft might win."

One cake of Pears' con-
vinces.

Sold all over the world.

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All kinds of Paper made to order

THE PRESAGE OF GREATNESS
My frand, you say "Hallo!" to me
Een soocha kinda way,
I know dat you are gona be
Da greata man som' day

You are so smarta 'Merican,
You need no speak at all
To poor old dumba Dago man,
Baycause he ees so small
Een deesa beega ceety Steell
You smile an' speak to me:
An' Oh! my frand, you mak' me feel
So proud as I can be.

Wan time w'en I am younga nan
An' leeve een Eetaly.
Ees 'nudder man dat shaka han'
An' say "Hallo!" to me
W'en he ees meet me een da street,
An' he ees not ashame'.
Oh! granda man! but he ees treat
Da reech, da poor da same.
Now, w'at you s'pose baycome of dees
Gran' man I know at home?
Look! See, my frand! to-day he is
Da greata Pope een Rome.

Baycause you say "Hallo!" to me
Een soocha kinda way,
I know dat you are gona be
Da greata man som' day.
—*Catholic Standard and Times.*

CONCLUSIONS

No matter in what language Love talks, we instantly understand.

Those who make a sword of their tongue must expect to be cut occasionally.

"What a bore it all is!" cry the Butterflies, keeping on with obvious glee.

"Something New" is the most powerful tonic ever discovered.

Silence that should be broken for friendship's sake is worse than open enmity.

When Love can be found nowhere else, look in the House of Pain. — *Lippincott's Magazine.*

FATHER'S LITTLE SCHEME.

"My boy, I like you and I want you to marry my daughter. But, have you spoken to her mother about it?"

"No, sir."

"Then, to cinch it for you, I'll oppose the match." — *Denver Post.*



WINE AND WOMEN.

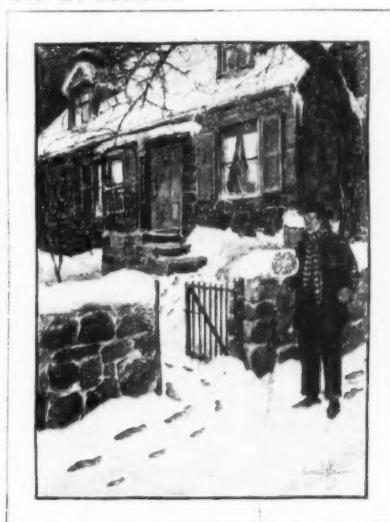
It is about time now for the romantic young lady to look around and see the first robin. — *Somerville Journal.*

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ALWAYS EASY

QUESTIONING.

Two torturing questions vex my soul,
And daily tax my self-control.
I fight their fascination fell
Until I feel I must compel
An answer willy-nilly
Just two there are—here's number one
(One after that and I have done).
Did Shakespeare e'er his ma annoy,
And did she lick her darling boy,
And did she call him "Willie"?

But this conundrum's not the worst,
Although I've told it to you first
Another question fills my brain,
And causes me much mental strain—
It fairly makes me dizzy.
You've heard of Queen Elizabeth
Who brought about Queen Mary's death.
Now did her father, Henry VIII.,
Let his young daughter sit up late,
And did he call her "Lizzie"?

—*Somerville Journal*

EVEN UP.

BACON.—You say they are evenly matched.

EGBERT.—Yes, he's had four wives and she's had four husbands. — *Yonkers Statesman.*

IN SOCIETY.

MRS. MONEY BAGS—I hear you have spent a great deal of your time in Italy?

MRS. PARVENUE—Oh yes, my dear, we're quite Italicized. — *Princeton Tiger.*

INEXPLICABLE.

"I can't understand how Caesar and Shakespeare and Napoleon ever got to be great."

"Have you read the histories of their times?"

"Yes. That's what makes it so puzzling. Nobody seemed to teach anything by mail in those days." — *Chicago Record Herald.*

WORD FROM BR'ER WILLIAMS.

"I don't see why de preachers should want ter run de devil out er different settlements in de winter time," said Brother Williams, "w'en he's de only hope er de poor sinners what can't buy coal!" — *Atlanta Constitution.*

Few young men ever think of matrimony. The most they do is to think of getting married. — *Somerville Journal.*

"Sorry, sir, but we can't give you a stop-over for Podunk anymore. The Inter-State Commerce Commission won't permit it."

"Can't give yer no change, suh. The Inner-State Commerce Commission am pow'ful strict about rebates now, suh."



"But you *did* brush me off, confound you!"

"Know Ah did, sah; but de new laner—State Commerce rule is dat we mus' brush passen-ger's off ev'ry five min'."

"Can't take that baby in the sleeper, Madam. Interstate Commerce Commission won't allow it."

"I'd like to open the ventilators for you, **William**, but the Inter-State Commerce Commission won't stand for it."

ANYTHING TO GET BACK AT THE GOVERNMENT.